

# The Manning Times.

VOL. III.

MANNING, CLARENDON COUNTY, S. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1888.

NO. 22.

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CHARLESTON AND CLARENDON.  
Address Communications in care of Manning Times.

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Offers for sale on Main Street, in business portion of the town, TWO STORES, with suitable lots; on Manning and R. R. streets TWO COTTAGE RESIDENCES, 4 and 6 rooms; and a number of VACANT LOTS suitable for residences, and in different localities. Terms Reasonable.

**ESTABLISHED 1852.**  
**Louis Cohen & Co.,**  
224 King Street,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.  
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
Dry and Fancy Goods.

Samples and prices cheerfully sent on application. Orders entrusted to me will receive my prompt personal attention. Will be pleased to see my friends from Clarendon County.

**ISAAC M. LORVEA,**  
With Louis Cohen & Co.,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.

**MAJ. G. BRYANT, JAS. M. LELAND,**  
South Carolina, New York.  
**Grand Central Hotel.**  
BRYANT & LELAND, PROPRIETORS.  
Columbia, South Carolina.

The Grand Central is the largest and best kept hotel in Columbia, located in the EX-AC-T BUSINESS CENTER OF THE CITY, where all Street Car Lines pass the door, and its MENU is not excelled by any in the South.

## Notice of Application for Charter.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AN application will be made to the General Assembly of the State of South Carolina, for a Charter for a Rail Road, to be known as the Wilson and Summerton Rail Road, leading from a point at or near Wilson's Mill on the Central Rail Road of South Carolina, in Clarendon County, in said State, to or near to Summerton in said County, and thence, if deemed expedient, to a point on the Manchester and Augusta Rail Road, at or near Antioch, in said County.

## CORONER'S NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT I have made arrangements with Mr. W. K. Bell, of Manning, to promptly forward me any telegrams or other official communications. By this means I shall be able, in a few hours, to attend any inquest.

**F. VON SANTEN & SON,**  
FANCY GOODS, TOYS,

**CONFECTIONERY,**  
**Rubber Goods.**

HEADQUARTERS FOR  
**CRADLES.**  
Children's Carriages  
Costing from \$4.50 to \$40 each.  
263 King Street,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.

**McGahan, Brown & Evans,**  
Jobbers of  
Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, and  
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Nos. 224, 226 and 228 Meeting St.  
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**Wm. Burmester & Co.**  
HAY AND GRAIN,  
Red Rust Proof Oats, a Specialty.  
Opposite Kerr's Wharf,  
CHARLESTON S. C.

## TALMAGE ON SELF-DESTRUCTION

A VERY STRIKING SERMON IN THE  
BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

Suicide in Olden Time Was Considered  
Honorable and a Sign of Courage—Modern  
Apologies for This Crime—Genuine  
Science and Revelation in Accord.

At the Tabernacle last Sunday morning, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., took for his text, Acts xvi. 28 and 29, "He drew out his sword, and would have killed himself, supposing that the prisoners had fled. But Paul cried with a loud voice, saying, Do thyself no harm." The sermon was as follows:

Here is a would-be suicide arrested in his deadly attempt. He was a sheriff, and according to the Roman law, a bailiff himself must suffer the punishment due an escaped prisoner; and if the prisoner breaking jail was sentenced to be imprisoned for three or four years, then the sheriff must be imprisoned for three or four years; and if the prisoner breaking jail was to have suffered capital punishment, then the sheriff must suffer capital punishment. The sheriff had received special charge to keep a sharp lookout for Paul and Silas. The government had not confidence in bolts and bars to keep safe these two clerghymen, about whom there seemed to be something strange and supernatural.

Sure enough, by miraculous power, they are free, and the sheriff, waking out of a sound sleep, and supposing these ministers have run away, and knowing that they were to die for preaching Christ, and realizing that he must therefore die, rather than go under the executioner's ax on the morrow and suffer public disgrace, resolves to precipitate his own death. But before the sharp, keen, glittering dagger of the sheriff could strike his heart, one of the unloosed prisoners arrests the blade by the command: "Do thyself no harm."

In olden time, and where Christianity had not interfered with it, suicide was considered honorable and a sign of courage. Demosthenes poisoned himself when told that Alexander's ambassador had demanded the surrender of the Athenian orators. Isocrates killed himself rather than surrender to Philip of Macedonia. Cato, rather than submit to Julius Caesar, took his own life, and after three times his wounds had been dressed to them open and perished. Subirades killed himself rather than submit to Pompey, the conqueror. Hannibal destroyed his life by poison from his ring, considering life unbearable. Lycinus a suicide. Brutus a suicide. After the disaster of Moscow, Napoleon always carried with him a preparation of opium, and one night his servant heard the ex-emperor arise, put something in a glass and drink it, and soon after the groans of a man in agony, and it was only through the utmost medical skill he was resuscitated from the stupor of the opiate.

Times have changed, and yet the American conscience needs to be toned up on the subject of suicide. Have you seen a paper in the last month that did not announce the passage out of life by one's own hand? Defiantly, alarmed at the idea of exposure, quit life precipitately. Men losing large fortunes go out of the world because they cannot endure earthly existence. Frustrated affection, domestic infelicity, dyspeptic impatience, anger, remorse, envy, jealousy, destitution, misanthropy, are considered sufficient causes for absconding from this life by Paris green, by laudanum, by belladonna, by Othello's dagger, by halter, by leap from the abutment of a bridge, by freerms. More cases of felo de se in the last two years than any two years of the world's existence, and more in the last month than in any twelve months. The evil is more and more spreading.

A pulpit not long ago expressed some doubt as to whether there was really anything wrong about quitting this life when it became disagreeable, and there are found in respectable circles people who are apologetic for the crime which Paul in the text arrested. I shall show you before I get through that suicide is the worst of all crimes, and I shall lift a warning unmistakable. But in the early part of this sermon I wish to admit that some of the best Christians that have ever lived have committed self-destruction, but always in dementia, and not responsible. I have no more doubt about their eternal felicity than I have of the Christian who dies in his bed in the delirium of typhoid fever. While the shock of the catastrophe is very great, I charge all these who have had Christian friends under cerebral aberration step off the boundaries of this life, to have no doubt about their happiness.

World (and that the coroners would be brave in rendering the right verdict, when in a case of irresponsibility they say: "While this man was demented he took his life;" in the other case say:

fell dead. Have you any doubt of the beatification of Hugh Miller, after his hot brain had ceased throbbing that winter night in his study at Portobello? Among the mightiest of earth, among the mightiest of Heaven.

To show how God in the Bible looked upon this crime, I point you to the rogues' picture gallery in some parts of the Bible, the pictures of the people who have committed this unnatural crime. Here is the headless trunk of Saul on the walls of Bathshan. Here is the man who chased little David—ten feet in stature chasing four. Here is the man who consulted a clairvoyant, Witch of Ender. Here is a man who, whipped in battle, instead of surrendering his sword with dignity, as many a man has done, asks his servant to slay him; and when the servant declines, then the giant plants the hilt of the sword in the earth, the sharp point sticking upward, and he throws his body on it and expires, the coward, the suicide. Here is Ahithophel, the Machiavelli of olden times, betraying his best friend David in order that he may become prime minister of Absalom, and joining that fellow in his attempt at parricide. Not getting what he wanted by change of politics, he takes a short cut of a disgraced life into the suicide's eternity. There he is, the ingrate!

Here is Abimelech, practically a suicide. He is with an army, bombarding a tower, when a woman in the tower takes a grindstone from its place and drops it upon his head, and with what life he has left in his cracked skull he commands his armor bearer: "Draw thy sword and slay me, lest men say a woman slew me." There is his post-mortem photograph in the book of Samuel. But the hero of this group is Judas Iscariot. Dr. Donnie says he was a martyr, and we have in our day apologists for him. And what wonder, in this day when we have a book revealing Aaron Burr as a pattern of virtue, and in this day when we uncover a statue to George Sand as the benefactress of literature, and in this day when there are betrayals of Christ on the part of some of his pretended apostles—a betrayal so black it makes the infamy of Judas Iscariot white! Yet this man by his own hand hung up for the execution of all the ages, Judas Iscariot.

All the good men and women of the Bible left to God the decision of their earthly terminus, and they could have said with Job, who had a right to commit suicide if any man ever had—what with his destroyed property, and his body all a shamble with insufferable carbuncles, and everything gone from his home except the chief course of it, a pestiferous wife, and four garrulous people pelting him with comfortless talk while he sits on a heap of ashes scratching his sores with a piece of broken pottery, yet crying out in triumph: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my charge come."

Notwithstanding the Bible is against this evil, and the aversion which it creates by the loathsome and ghastly spectacle of those who have hurled themselves out of life, and notwithstanding Christianity is against it, and the arguments and the useful lives and the illustrious deaths of its disciples, it is a fact alarmingly patent that suicide is on the increase.

What is the cause? I charge upon infidelity and agnosticism this whole thing. If there be no hereafter, or if that hereafter, be blissful without reference to how we live and how we die, why not move back the folding doors between this world and the next? And when our existence here becomes troublesome, why not pass right over into Elysium? Put this down among your most solemn reflections, and consider it after you go to your homes: there has never been a case of suicide where the operator was not either demented, and therefore irresponsible, or an infidel. I challenge all the ages, and I challenge the whole universe. There never has been a case of self-destruction while in full appreciation of its immortality, and of the fact that immortality would be glorious or wretched according as he accepted Jesus Christ or rejected him.

You say it is trouble, or you say it is electrical currents, or it is this, or it is that, or it is the other thing. Why not go clear back, my friend, and acknowledge that in every case it is the abdication of reason or the teaching of infidelity which practically says: "If you don't like this life get out of it, and you will land either in annihilation, where there are no notes to pay, no persecutions to suffer, no guilt to torment, or you will land where there will be everything glorious and nothing to pay for it." Infidelity always has been apologetic for self-immolation. After Tom Paine's "Age of Reason" was published and widely read there was a marked increase of self-slaughter.

A man in London heard Mr. Owen deliver his infidel lecture on socialism, and went home, at dawn and wrote these words: "Jesus Christ is one of the weakest characters in history, and the Bible is the greatest possible deception," and then shot himself. David Hume wrote these words: "It would be no crime for me to divert the Nile or the Danube from its natural bed." Where, then, can be the crime in my diverting a few drops of blood from their ordinary channel? And having written the essay he loaned it to a friend, the friend read it, wrote a letter of thanks and admiration and shot himself. Appendix to the same book.

Rousseau, Voltaire, Gibbon, Montaigne, under certain circumstances, were apologetic for self-immolation. Infidelity puts up no bar to people's rushing out from this world into the next. They teach us it does not make any difference how you live here or go out of this world, you will land either in an oblivious nowhere or a glorious somewhere. And infidelity holds the upper end of the rope for the suicide, and aims the pistol with which a man blows his brains out, and mixes the strychnine for the last swallow. If infidelity could carry the day and persuade the majority of people in this country that it does not make any difference how you go out of the world you will land safely, the Hudson and the East rivers would be so full of corpses the ferryboats would be impeded in their progress, and the crack of a suicide's pistol would be no more alarming than the rattle of a street car.

"Having read infidel books and attended infidel lectures, which obliterated from this man's mind all appreciation of anything like future retribution, he committed self-slaughter!"

Ah! Infidelity, stand up and take thy sentence! In the presence of God and angels and men, stand up, thou monster, thy lip blasted with blasphemy, thy cheek scarred with lust, thy breath foul with the corruption of the ages! Stand up, Satyr, filthy goat, buzzard of the nations, leper of the centuries! Stand up, thou monster infidelity! Part man, part panther, part reptile, part dragon, stand up and take thy sentence! Thy hands red with the blood in which thou hast washed, thy feet crimson with the human gore through which thou hast waded, stand up and take thy sentence! Down with thee to the pit and sup on the sob and groans of families thou hast blasted, roll on the bed of knives which thou hast sharpened for others, and let thy music be the everlasting misere of those whom thou hast damned! I brand the forehead of infidelity with all the crimes of self-immolation for the last century on the part of those who had their reason.

My friends, if ever your life, through its abrasions and its molestations, should seem to be unbearable, and you are tempted to quit it by your own behest, do not consider yourself as worse than him. Christ himself was tempted to cast himself from the roof of the temple; but as he resisted, so rest ye, Christ came to medicine all our wounds. In your trouble I prescribe life instead of death. People who have had it worse than you will ever have it have gone on to the way. Remember that God keeps the chronology of your life with as much precision as he keeps the chronology of nations, your death as well as your cradle.

And remember that this brief life of ours is surrounded by a rim, a very thin but very important rim, and close up to that rim is a great eternity, and you had better keep out of it until God breaks that rim and separates this from that. To get rid of the sorrows of earth, do not rush into greater sorrows. To get rid of a swarm of summer insects, leap not into a jungle of Bengal tigers.

There is a sorrowless world, and it is so radiant that the noonday sun is only the lowest doorstep and the aurora that lights up our northern heavens, confounding astronomers as to what it can be, is the waving of the banners of the procession come to take the conquerors home from church militant to church triumphant, and you and I have ten thousand reasons for wanting to go there, but we will never get there by self-immolation or immortality. All our sins slain by the Christ who came to do that thing, we want to go in at just the time directly arranged, and from a cone divinely spread, and then the clang of the sepulchral gates behind us will be overpowered by the clang of the opening of the solid pearl before us. O God, whatever others may choose, give me a Christian's life, a Christian's death, a Christian's burial, a Christian's immortality.

## THE SUN DANCE.

A Festival Celebrated with Self-Torture by the Crows.

The Crows have a sun dance of their own, writes a Cincinnati Enquirer correspondent. The dance originates in a spirit of revenge, and through it they seek to secure the assistance of the Supreme Being in carrying out their plans for vengeance and in prosecuting their wars and horse stealing expeditions.

Besides the strings by which the dancer is fastened through the sinews of the chest and back to a long pole, the brave endeavors to produce good luck by mutilating himself with knives in many parts of the body. Some of the young men fasten buffalo heads to the muscles of the back and dance themselves free and through and about camp.

Their legends say that God made them first of all human beings, the other Indians next, and the white man at the last as a punishment for some offenses.

How much bodily pain one of these Crow warriors can undergo I witnessed in 1880, near this post. It was in the fall of that year, when Hon. Carl Schurz, then secretary of the Interior visited the captured Sioux and Cheyennes near Fort Keogh. The honorable gentleman desired to observe the natives at one of their dances and feasts, and General Miles, our commanding officer, conducted him to the neighboring encampment. The writer accompanied the party, which went on horseback. As we neared the spot we beheld several hundred of Indians squatted down on the grass, singing, shouting and drumming. They were not dancing just then, but were enjoying a rest performance by a solitary warrior—a Crow Indian—something of an excruciatingly humorous character—a highly seasoned and palatable side dish in the feast, so to speak.

The stalwart Crow stood in the center of the circle, entirely naked with the exception of the proverbial breech cloth; the blood was streaming from a hundred gashes which he was self-inflicting upon chest, shoulders, abdomen, arms and legs with sharp-edged knives, handed to him alternately by some of the Sioux and Cheyenne braves.

The sight was too much for the somewhat sensitive organization of the fastidious Secretary, and giving his horse the spur, he soon escaped from the disgusting spectacle. The attending Indians, who were enjoying the performance hugely, they were shouting and laughing and laughing while the horrible and certainly very painful mutilation was going on. The interpreter informed me that it was an atonement ceremony on the part of the Crow, who had in the preceding winter killed a Sioux. From the same source I learned afterward that the very heights of the festivity was reached by the audience when the performer finally permitted his body to be washed with vinegar, after which he indulged in fits and convulsions.

The first man at the poles on election day—The barber.

The poisonous nature of filth should never be lost sight of.

## JUDGE THURMAN'S ACCEPTANCE

Of the Democratic Nomination for the Vice Presidency—A Concise Statement of the Tariff Issue.

The following is Judge Thurman's letter of acceptance as given to the press. The first draft of the letter was in the Judge's handwriting, and the typewriter copies showed only a few changes in the punctuation from the original:

Hon. Patrick A. Collins and others, committee. Gentlemen: In obedience to custom I send you this formal acceptance of my nomination of the office of Vice President of the United States, made by the National Convention of the Democratic party at St. Louis.

When you did me the honor to call upon me at Columbus and officially notify me of my nomination, I expressed to you my sense of obligation to the convention, and stated that although I had not sought the nomination, I did not feel at liberty under the circumstances to decline it. I thought then, as I still think, that whatever I could properly do to promote the re-election of President Cleveland I ought to do. His administration has been marked by such integrity, good sense, manly courage and exalted patriotism that a just appreciation of these high qualities seems to call for his re-election.

I am also strongly impressed with the belief that his re-election would powerfully tend to strengthen that feeling of fraternity among the American people that is so essential to their welfare, peace and happiness, and to the perpetuity of the Union and its institutions.

I approve the platform of the St. Louis Convention, and I cannot too strongly express my dissent from the heretical teachings of monopolists, that welfare of people can be promoted by a system of exorbitant taxation far in excess of the wants of the government. The idea that the people can be enriched by heavy and unnecessary taxation, that a man's condition can be improved by taxing him on all he wears, on all his wife and children wear, on all his tools and implements of industry is an obvious absurdity.

To fill the vaults of the treasury with an idle surplus, for which the government has no legitimate use, and to thereby deprive the people of our currency needed for their business and daily wants, and to create a powerful and dangerous stimulus to extravagance and corruption in the expenditures of the government, seems to me to be a policy at variance with every sound principle of government and political economy.

The necessity of reducing taxation to prevent such accumulation of surplus revenue and consequent depletion of the circulating medium is so apparent that no party dares to deny it; but when we come to consider the modes by which a reduction may be made, we find a wide antagonism between our party and the monopolistic leaders of our political opponents. We seek to reduce taxes upon the necessities of life; our opponents seek to increase them. We say give to the masses of the people cheap and good clothing, cheap blankets, cheap tools and cheap lumber. The Republicans, by their platform and their leaders in the Senate, by their proposed bill, say increase taxes on clothing and blankets and thereby increase their cost, maintain high duty on the tools of the farmer and mechanic, and on the lumber which they need for the construction of their modest dwellings, shops and barns, and thereby prevent their obtaining these necessities at reasonable prices.

Can any sensible man doubt as to where he should stand in this controversy? Can any well informed man be deceived by the false pretense that a system so unreasonable and unjust is for the benefit of the laboring men? Much is said about competition of American laborers with the pauper labor of European countries, and it is true that the majority of laborers in America are not engaged in what are called protected industries? And as to those who are employed in such industries, is it not undeniable that the duties proposed by the Democratic measure, called the Mills bill, far exceed the difference between American and European wages, and that therefore if it were admitted that our workmen can be protected by tariffs against cheaper labor, they would be fully protected and more than protected by that bill? Does not every well informed man know that the increase in the price of home manufactures, produced by high tariffs, does not go into the pockets of the laboring men, but only tends to swell the profits of others? It seems to me that, if the policy of the Democratic party is plainly presented, all must understand that we seek to make the cost of living less, and at the same time increase the share of the laboring man in the benefits of national prosperity and growth. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

ALLEN G. THURMAN.

## Is Marriage a Failure?

The discussion "Is Marriage a Failure?" has called out the following prescription: I will try to give matrimony inclined young men a prescription which they need not get compounded in the drug store round the corner, but they can do it themselves. It is a sure antidote to failure in marriage. Take a healthy, truthful, good, common sense girl, not too tender, nor too tough, not too good looking, nor too extremely ugly. Put her in a pot in the shape of a nice, pleasant home. Be sure to use only pots known as housekeeping. Avoid carefully all imitations known as boarding. Fill your pot with the pure water of true, manly love. Salt it occasionally with devotion. Pepper it when you have just cause, with strict "no funny business in mine," in a quiet, dignified way. But be careful, only using the coarse but health black pepper known as "no secrets between husband and wife," and avoid the sharp Spanish cayenne pepper known as "jealousy." Put the pot near the gate fire of your own "humble home." Be sure and watch the boiling carefully by personal presence. After you have boiled this dish for a lifetime never let it cool off the mutual affection and interest in each other. Serve the dish always warm with home instincts on the family table, and you will be successful in cooking your own happy marriage.—Troy Times.

More than fifty thousand pianos were made in America last year. Few were imported, because the home-made article is the best.

## YOUNG LADIES' SMALL TALK.

Conversation Overheard on a Hotel Piazza.

"What on earth did you do with my needle, Lon?"

"It wasn't me. I had Lillie's. Don't pull the floss like that!"

"Can I help it? Do move your chair a little so I can get my feet up."

"Jen's shoes are just like yours!"

"Jen's shoes never saw the day they'd look like mine; nor Jen's feet, neither."

"Just see how my hands are tanned. The sun was blazing on the water."

"You had gloves on."

"I hadn't."

"You had, too. I saw them."

"What! Yesterday?"

"Yes—yesterday."

"No such thing—not yesterday."

"Well, I've got eyes, I hope. When we stood on the pier there, before you got into the boat you had on those long brown chamois."

"That was Thursday."

"It was yesterday! Mand, didn't Lili have gloves on yesterday?"

"I guess you're thinking of me. I wore old dark ones."

"I'm positive Lili had gloves on when we stood on the pier, anyway."

"No, that's a mistake. I didn't really. My brown gloves were in my gray coat pocket. Honor bright!"

"Oh, I suppose I've got to believe you. I must have been hallucinated then, for I certainly saw those gloves."

"No; you saw mine; your brain's all right so far, Nell. You mistook the hands, that was all."

"There goes the Maggie. Who took her out this morning?"

"That isn't the Maggie."

"Will Manning took her out."

"Of course it's the Maggie. I should think I ought to know the Maggie."

"You ought to, but you don't. That's the Mystery."

"Oh, listen—the Mystery! It's the Maggie."

"It's the Mystery."

"It's the Maggie and Will Manning. He's got those Kelly girls on board. I hope he'll steer them back to their native isle."

"Will Manning couldn't sail the Maggie. He couldn't sail a tub."

"He'd be a mighty clever seaman if he could, Miss Lili."

"I know I'd be awfully scared to go out with him."

"So would I."

"I, too."

"I wouldn't dare to go out with Will Manning. Would you, Laura?"

"Well, that's too bad. He wants us all to go. He told me to ask my party, and he'd run us down to Cliff House for lunch."

"Oh, my, he didn't. Did he really?"

"Yes, he did, and it's the jolliest place for lunch—lots of Yale boys. But, of course, if you are all afraid—"

"Afraid?"

"Who's afraid?"

"There isn't any danger in the Maggie."

"I'll go."

"I'm going."

"The idea of being afraid! I never said I was."

"Well, he's putting in now."

"Goody! sure's you live."

"Let's go down to the pier."

"Oh, let's!"

Rustle, scamper, general stampede and grateful silence.

Proverbs from the Talmud.

The cat and the rat make peace over a carcass.

Hospitality is an expression of divine worship.

Rabbi Johanan said: "He who gives becomes rich."

Commit a sin twice and it will not seem to be a sin.

If thou tellest thy secret to three persons ten know it.

Do not to others what you would not have others do to you.

Rabbi Eliazar said: "Charity is more than sacrifices."

Many a colt's skin is fastened to the saddle its mother bears.

He who increaseth his flesh but multiplieth food for the worms.

A simple light answers as well for a hundred men as for one.

The camel desired horns, and his ears were taken from him.

Two pieces of coin in one bag make more noise than a hundred.

The doctor who prescribes gratuitously gives a worthless prescription.

The rose grows among the thorns. (Latin: Cuius est semine crescit.)

The place honors not the man; 'tis the man who gives honor to the place.

Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend; be discreet. The thief who finds no opportunity to steal considers himself an honest man.

Man sees the mote in his neighbor's eye, but knows not the beam in his own.

Rabbi Jose said: "I never call my wife 'wife,' but 'home,' for she makes my home."

A Sad Story from Lexington.

RIGHTWELL, Lexington Co., Oct. 14.—It is with sadness that we chronicle the death of Miss Carrie Miller, a very estimable young lady. About a year ago she drank some concentrated lye through mistake, thinking it was wine. It seems her mother had a jug of wine and one of lye in the same pantry. She poured out a glass of wine (as she thought) and tasted it, but it proved to be the lye instead. As soon as she had swallowed it she exclaimed: "Oh, mother, I have drunk the lye instead of wine, and now it will kill me!" With these words she fell fainting to the floor. Everything that human hands could do was done for her. At times she would appear to be all right, then would relapse again. For the last four months nothing has entered her stomach in the natural way, as the canal that carries the food was completely closed up. Her funeral was preached by the Rev. Marks at Mount Pilgrim church, October 10th, 1888.—Special to The World.

Accidentally Shot.

Last Saturday, in the Toby Creek neighborhood, Clarence Crawford, colored, was accidentally shot and seriously wounded by Mr. Andrew Owens. Mr. Owens was handling a pistol, and it was accidentally discharged, the ball going through Crawford's body. The wound produced is a painful and serious one, but is not considered fatal.—Marion Index.

Telegraph operators get a great deal of sound advice through their instruments.

## EVOLUTION IN THE CHURCH.

A Concise Statement of the Action of Synod on a Troublesome Question.

(From the Greenville News, October 17.)

The Rev. J. M. Rose, pastor of the Washington Street Presbyterian church, of this city, who was the defeated candidate of the anti-Woodrow party of the South Carolina Synod, returned here yesterday from attending the meeting of Synod at Greenwood. While a stout upholder of his side of the controversy, Mr. Rose is not partisan and takes a thoroughly good-humored view of the matter.

He says the majority of the Woodrow men steadily increased from 12, which it was on the first test vote in the election of Moderator, to 25 which it had reached yesterday afternoon on the departure of the up train, the increase being caused chiefly by new arrivals.

During night before last and yesterday morning there was earnest debate on a resolution disapproving the action of the faculty of the Theological Seminary in forbidding its students to attend Dr. Woodrow's lectures at the State University. The resolution was supported by Doctors Elian, Adger and Crosby and N. J. Holmes and opposed by Doctors Girardeau, Mack, Blackburn and Thompson and D. S. Henderson, of Aiken, representing the trustees. The speeches were earnest and powerful. The resolution of disapproval was adopted by a decisive majority—scoring another point for Dr. Woodrow.

The Synod, after another earnest debate, refused to accept the new professors elected, postponing that matter a year. Yesterday afternoon the Synod was considering a paper offered by Dr. Crosby instructing the stated clerk to inform the Synods of Georgia, Alabama and Florida that the Synod of South Carolina will resist by all lawful means any effort to remove the Theological Seminary or any part of it from Columbia.

It is the judgment of many Presbyterians that the action of the South Carolina Synod will cause a movement by the Georgia, Alabama and Florida Synods to dissolve the copartnership by which the Seminary is maintained and withdraw their support from it.

(From the Columbia Daily Record, Oct. 17.)

The session of the South Carolina Synod of the Presbyterian Church concluded at Greenwood Tuesday night. The next session of the Synod will be held at Spartanburg on the Friday before the fourth Sunday in October. The Columbia delegates returned yesterday evening.

The outcome of the session was a complete victory for the "Woodrow men," the anti being defeated in every instance by a majority of from 20 to 60. The leaders admit that Greenwood was their Waterloo. A prominent leader of the anti said yesterday: "Yes, we were whipped. I suppose turn about is fair play."

In regard to the resolution passed by Charleston Presbytery forbidding public contending against the decision of the General Assembly in Dr. Woodrow's case, the framers and advocates thereof said that the others had mistaken their meaning. It is understood, however, that Dr. Woods refused to accept their construction of the meaning of the resolution, given at Greenwood, and denounced their motive severely, charging them with having persecution at the bottom of it.

Two of the members of the Board of Directors of the Columbia Theological Seminary are now "out and out" Woodrow men.

At first it was believed that Charleston Presbytery would appeal to the General Assembly to reverse the decision of the Synod annulling its resolution passed at Aiken. Accordingly the Synod appointed Dr. Woods and the Rev. F. S. Whaling to defend their action. But Charleston Presbytery decided not to appeal or commit, but to let the question go before the General Assembly in the records of the Synod. This, by the law of the church, precludes the Synod having representatives to defend the records. The anti have here an advantage, and have appointed the Rev. Drs. J. L. Girardeau and J. B. Mack to defend them before the General Assembly.

Serious Stabbing Affray.

A serious difficulty occurred at Dillon Station last Thursday night between Wilson Conner and R. B. Webster, of this county, both white.

The men were sitting in a buggy together when a dispute arose. Conner, it is said, struck at Webster with a knife and the latter sprang from the buggy dragging Conner with him. In the fight on the ground both men used their knives freely. Conner's right leg was broken and he was severely cut in several places. Webster was cut in several places also, but his wounds are not serious those of Conner. Dr. Weatherly dressed the latter's wounds, and he is now doing well. Webster is a constable for a Trial Justice. Too much whiskey caused the difficulty. The doctor says the breaking of Conner's leg bone by the knife is the first instance of the kind in his experience.—Marion Index.

Shades in Vogue.

Here are some of the shades adopted by a syndicate of Paris manufacturers for the goods they will make for the winter trade.

Emeraude—A deep, rich emerald green.

Scarabee—A dark, yellowish green.

Quoroon—A shade lighter than scarabee.

Peupiere—A shade lighter still.

Nil—A light water green.

Coquelicot—A rich blood red.

Boulanger—A brighter shade of red.

Bouton d'Or—A golden yellow.

Mais—Straw color.

Volcan—A reddish terra-cotta.

Aleazac—A dark reddish brown.

Pastel—A light golden brown.

Oride—A dark slate.

Onoclea—A dark fawn.

Heron—A grayish drab.

Linolea—A gendarme blue.

Notwithstanding the large business done at the post office, there are only four letters in town.

Young Doctor—They don't bleed people now-a-days as they did twenty years ago, do they, Professor? Professor—Not with the lancet.

A correspondent asks, "Would you or any of your many readers inform a constant reader how to learn to play a flute?" Not if we know ourselves.

In one of the cantons of Switzerland all the school children are provided with slippers at the public expense, in order that their damp boots may be taken off and dried by the fire during school hours.